



Mistreated



25 0 2

Chapter 1 by PigletPinkPancake

My family couldn't understand when to back down when they were mistreated. It was just how our world was. Mamma worked twelve hours a day along with my daddy who worked at the night hours. My brother and oldest sister worked during the day at the diner down the road. I saw them at the night hours when I would finish doing the clothes washing. The days at school were always hard. I just didn't understand why we had to stay away from the other people. We just had different skin colors.

I remember one day when my brother got sprayed with a hose because he hit a Mr. John. He had called him a negro. I never understood it. Why did he hit him? Why did he get sprayed? Why were we miss treated?

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